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War-Ballads and Verses

By W. H. Mills

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Riverside Road.
Ontario. Calif.
March 17. 1919.

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SAN BERNARDINO,
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You ask if March 17th

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WAR-BALLADS
and
VERSES

BY

WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS

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THE BARNUM & FLAGG COMPANY
1917
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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Of One Heart

April 20, 1917.

SIDE by side the banners stood
In the great Cathedral Choir—
Sign of two nations' common blood,
Two nations' one desire.

Side by side, to the breeze unfurled
'Neath Heaven's canopy,
The Stars and Stripes of the Western World,
And the Union Jack, flew free.

Whether as call or orison,
They spoke of brotherhood—
Of hearts that beat in unison,
Seeking a world-wide Good.

They prayed, and pray, for Victory;
Aye, and they call to fight;
Yes, but the cause is Liberty:
The fight is for the Right.

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NOTE—For details of the facts which suggested the ballads contained in this booklet see The Times History of the War; The National Review of July, 1917; The Illustrated London News of June 23, 1917; The Graphic of May 26, 1917.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

7

Names to Conjure With

SOME songsters sing of maidens' charms,
Of lovers' trysts on moon-lit shore,
But when our Country stands in arms,
What shall we sing but songs of war?

In days of old, when Persia's swarms
Swept westward, spreading death and wrack,
All that was Hellas sprang to arms,
And hurled the fell invader back.

What time the Syrian tyrant sought
To stamp out Israel's ancient creed,
The Maccabaean patriots fought
Till hearths and homes and faith were freed.

The tales that tell how Switzerland
Threw off the Austrian tyranny,
Lit up by names heroic, stand
Bright on the page of history.

Ah, words that were as tongues of flame—
Sempach, Bethhoron, Marathon—
Are ye but names now? Has your fame
Passed into cold oblivion?

Nay; ye are words still tipped with fire;
Still are ye as a trumpet-call;
Ye prompt our cry of righteous ire—
"To arms! To arms! The Hun must fall".

8

Caritas Humani Generis

THE war-call rings across the sea;
"To Arms"! the paean cries;
'Tis Right's demand; 'tis Freedom's plea;
'Tis Truth denouncing lies.
Sons of Columbia, shall their claim
Find you as freemen but in name?

What's Freedom's part? To seek our own?
Is that true liberty?
Nay; not for its own sake alone
Is any soul made free;
Free!—'tis the children's epithet,
And that means claims that must be met.

Parents and children, each to each,
Owe love and sympathy;
Friendships may end or suffer breach;
The blood-bond cannot die;
Mankind are God's great family,
And woe to them who flout that tie!

The service of Humanity—
Of souls by ills beset—
That's duty in epitome,
And duty means a debt;
Debts must be paid; aye, and the call
Of Charity comes first of all.

Abou Ben Adhem, as he slept,
Saw how, in Heaven's purview,
The second great commandment kept
Means the first rule kept too;
"Am I my brother's keeper? I?"—
That is a Cain's apology.

Half-dead upon a hill-side road
A wounded traveller lay;
Levite and Priest saw him, and strode
Serenely on their way;
'Twas left to a Samaritan
To save from death that wounded man.

Both Priest and Levite would have pled
Privilege as their plea;
They feared defilement—they'd have said—
Some loss of sanctity;
With them self-interest came first—
Excuse of all excuses worst.

"Our Country first", some voices cry;
If that means, "Motherland
Has higher claims than family
Or self", the cry will stand;
What if it means, "Let the world slide,
So long as we and ours abide"?

Nay; the world's Good, the rule of Right,
Truth, Honour, Charity—
These things come first, and they who fight
For world-wide equity—
For weaklings by the strong down-trod—
Fulfil their duty unto God.

True children these, and not less true
They who, to serve God's will,
Under the Red Cross ensign do
Their work, and witness still,
As erst the Good Samaritan,
"God's glory is the good of Man".

NOTE—"Free" comes from a root which meant "dear". It distinguished the children of the family from the household slaves. Hence the later sense.

E Pluribus Vnum

THUS then we meet the tyrant's threat—
We of America,
And, with stern resolution, set
Our battle in array.

"Old Glory" stands for Liberty;
"Old Glory" stands for Right;
Its Stars and Stripes speak Unity,
And now its call is "Fight":

"Fight for your own, but fight not less
For the world's common good;
Fight for a rule of righteousness,
For world-wide brotherhood:

"Stand, to withstand the insolence
Of truculent war-lord;
Strike, to beat down the brute offence
Of mailed fist and drawn sword:

"For God, for Honour, for Redress
Of wrongs and injuries,
For Little Nations in distress—
These be your battle-cries".

We answer to that call and plea,
And gird us to the fight;
We will not stand for Tyranny;
We will not fail the Right.

Spirit of Lincoln, shape once more
Our country's destiny,
And make the issue of her war
Triumphant victory.

Heroes

V. C.'s "for valour"—as we scan
The tale of deeds that won this glory,
Our wonder is that any man
Could do the deeds, could make the story.

Here, one man does the work of ten,
With ten men's grit, pluck, self-reliance;
There, half a company of men
Sets half a regiment at defiance.

Stories of Paladin and Knight—
Tales that we called and reckoned fancies—
Seem, in the blaze of this new light,
Not myths, but true-to-life romances.

Scornful of wounds, of risks, of odds,
Heroes press on where duty calls them;
Say, are they men or demigods,
Whom naught rebuffs, as naught appals them?

Just men, but men to whom the sense
Of duty is an inspiration;
To whom death means the expedience
Of one man dying for the nation.

This is the Master's spirit; it
Made Curtius leap into the chasm;
A flame, by love and honour lit,
It is divine enthusiasm.

Bellerophons

(Flight Sub-Lient. R. A. J. Warneford, V. C., R. N. A. S.)

NOT now on land alone or sea
Does war's grim conflict fare;
Aircraft have their artillery,
And battle in mid-air.

They scout, report the foe's intent,
Tackle each hostile plane;
In fact they use the firmament
As it were land or main.

On works that shelter submarines
They drop their compliments;
They smite the dirty Zeppelins
That slaughter innocents.

Little has war now of romance
Upon the ground below,
Save when the pipes skirl the Advance,
Or lance-charge breaks the foe .

But where, manoeuvering in high air,
The flying squadrons fight,
Or afrplane duels with airplane, there
Is glamour of war all right.

The spirit of the old mariners,
Who sailed o'er unknown seas—
Is it in the adventurers
Who dare such deeds as these?

If they—and still Drake's drum is heard—
With us yet bear their part,
His spirit, who singed King Philip's beard,
Warneford, was in your heart.

You won Victoria's Cross; you won
More than the prized V. C.;
For Freedom's thanks and benison
Hallow your memory.

En Avant!

AH, France, fair France—never more fair
Than now when, in your agony,
You face the Hun; your gallantry
Is beauty such as Spirits wear.

We watched you at Verdun, and there,
As your thinned ranks smote Prussia's pride,
Saw what you are—how fair, and cried,
"C'est magnifique, et c'est la guerre".

"The Old Guard dies"—'twas said of yore—
"Aye, but surrenders not"; that soul
Is yours, and, while the ages roll,
Shall be the glory of your war.

It never dies—that Gallic mood:
It was in Amadis, La Pucelle,
Roland, Bayard; Kelt and Gael
Bred it in France; it's in the blood.

Not vain your stand; now comes the Advance;
The Hun gives way; his doom is nigh;
Upon him with your chivalry,
And hurl him headlong! VIVE LA FRANCE!

"They Also Serve Who Only Stand and Wait"

(Boy J. T. Cornwell, V. C., H. M. S. "Chester".)

HALL-MARK of the heroic soul,
And stamp of chivalry,
"For Valour" stands upon the scroll
Of the V. C.

It pictures warriors in the fight,
In battle's fierce pell-mell,
Or Red Cross knights at work, despite
Bullet and shell.

Valour—it is a word that speaks
Of strength, of manhood's crown—
Strength that beats back offence, and breaks
Defiance down.

Yet women have been valorous, for
True valour is of the heart;
And one mere lad at Jutland bore
A hero's part.

Wounded to death right at the start,
He yet stuck to his post,
Waiting for orders; his brave heart
Recked not the cost.

He takes his place among the Three,
Staunch as their ironclads,
Who on that day won the V. C.—
This lad of lads.

Ah, Sailor Boy, you died, 'tis true,
But lives thus given live on;
Your life laid down meant life for you
Not lost, but won.

Virtutis Causa

(Piper D. Laidlaw, V. C., K. O. S. Borderers)

LAND of my forbears, how shall I,
An exile on a foreign strand,
Tell out your manhood's gallantry:
Their doughty deeds on sea and land?

Yet, for at times some news comes thro'
To these far parts, I can record
A deed, not less of derring-do
Than bayonet-charge or stroke of sword.

The King's Own Scottish Borderers stood
In act to rush a Prussian trench—
To rush it thro' a hell that would
Have made a salamander blench.

Half-choked by gas, one company
Wavered a moment as in doubt;
The pause caught Piper Laidlaw's eye,
Who promptly straightened matters out.

Upon the parapet he sprang,
And, strutting calmly to and fro,
Made the pipes speak; their music rang
A slogan to the lads below.

"The Standard on the Braes of Mar"
Lifted them, thrilled them, swept them on,
Till from the avalanche of their war
The Prussians fled; the trench was won.

He skirled away their doubt; he skirled
Them thro' that hell to victory;
They would have charged across the world
After his pipes—that company.

Piper and pipes required repairs,
Later; the pipes, for all to see,
Are set in silver; Laidlaw wears
A cross that labels him V. C.

Sea-Dogs

WHAT of our ships—our mighty Battle-Fleet?
What has it done thus far in this world-war?
Has it made history that shall repeat
The fame of Gravelines and of Trafalgar?

The fight off Jutland—aye, a gallant fight—
And some few tussles in the Northern Sea:—
That seems its published record. Has its might
Done nothing else to match its majesty?

The shores of Britain and of France kept free
From trespass of invasion; host on host
Of fighting men and of artillery
Sent without loss or hurt from coast to coast:

Our seas patrolled: blockaded Germany:
Trade routes protected: U-boats sunk or caught:
Armed raiders hunted down from sea to sea:—
At business such as this our Fleet has wrought.

What sort of work has this meant? Work of brain
Not less than work of heart and hand and eye:
A vigilance as of watch-dogs: the long strain
Of ceaseless, tireless, patient energy.

A burden of responsibility
Such as no navy ever bare before—
That is the weight our War-Fleet bears; 'twould try
The strength of Atlas, and the might of Thor.

Seamen of Britain, we, whom Britain claims
As her own children, doff our hats to you;
And, on the scroll that bears the mighty names
Of Drake and Nelson, set your record too.

Non-Combatants

NOT warriors only win and wear
The cross that bears Victoria's name;
Doctors and chaplains do and dare
As valiant deeds, and share their fame.

Aye, in the battle's very heart,
On ground swept by artillery,
These sons of peace have borne their part
With all a warrior's gallantry.

Each in the order of his work,
They, in the open, under fire,
Rescue and help; they never shirk
Or balk, and never seem to tire.

It's shortened now by many a gap—
The roll of the R. A. M. C.;
It makes no matter; hap what hap,
They carry on their ministry.

The Red Cross on our side displayed
Attracts, too oft, the Prussian's aim;
By them, ah shame! it has been made
A blind; yet Britain plays the game.

And so among the names, that claim
Place in the roll of our V. C.'s,
Are names of heroes, whose high fame
Is just a tale of ministries.

Noms De Guerre

THEY make their own Tanks now—the French;
Tanks that are quite all right;
They'll smash thro' wire; they'll rush a trench;
They'll stand fire, and they'll fight.

They're named "Patte de Velours", "Mounette",
"Malèche", et caetera;
E. g., one bears the étiquette
Ironic—"Pourquoi pas?"

When Job was living, a war-horse
Was said to neigh "Ha, Ha";
To-day this Gallic Tank, of course,
Challenges, "Pourquoi pas?"

While British Tanks are doing their stunt
By Ypres and Arras,
Their French mates on the Champagne Front
Do ditto. Pourquoi pas?

French planes and British tumble Fritz
Headlong du haut en bas;
French Tanks and British give them fits
Below. Et pourquoi pas?

"Patte de Velours"? Well, she, I guess,
Has claws that are as cats',
Sheathed, as it were, in velvet; yes;
But cats are death on rats.

Ah, Tanks of France, if there were need,
I'd wish you added might;
I wish you, as it is, "Good Speed",
And triumph in the fight.

And as for you, whose soubriquet
Is that grim "Pourquoi pas?",
I send you, tho' I'm far away,
A British cheer—"Hurrah!"

Irrepressibles

SIX thousand unattached Marins,
Formed into a brigade,
Were sent by the French Admiralty
To bring the Belgians aid.
Their Brigadier, as well beseemed,
Was Admiral Ronarc'h:
A gallant soul, in whom there dwelt
The spirit of Jeanne d'Arc:
The fire of Keltic chivalry,
Of valour quick and stark.

Just Breton lads, for the most part,
They were, and under age;
But all, from Admiral downward, shared
One goodly heritage,
For theirs were Breton hearts, and theirs
The old Breton courage.

They went to Ghent to bar the way
Against the Huns' advance;
They fought at Melle, and there upheld
The name and fame of France.
Then Antwerp fell, and they were sent
Off to Dixmuiden, there
To hold the town, and guard from breach
The line of the Yser.

"Hold on for two days, if you can"—
The Admiral was told;
For near a month he stoutly kept
The Belgian stronghold—
Kept it against a foe whose force
Outnumbered his ten-fold.

What did that mean? It meant that Krupp
Guns showered their shot and shell,
Day after day, on them, and made
The little town a hell.
It meant that, horde by horde, the Huns
Swept onward to the attack,
And that each furious assault
Was met, and beaten back.

All this for near a month; at last,
Tho' not till Yser's flood,
Let in, had fortified the line—
The gap that they made good—
This band of heroes quit the post,
Now hallowed by their blood.

France gave them for their gallantry
A banner of their own;
And still, by one battalion

Guarded, that flag is flown:
An echo and a memory
Of Roland's gonfalone.

O Fusiliers Marins, to you
Naught seemed impossible;
Whether as militant Marins,
Or—well, as half-grown-up gamins,
You're irresistible.

Runners

(Pte. J. Miller, V. C., Royal Lancaster Regt. Pte. L. E. Mallery, M. M., Tenth Canadian Battalion.)

'TIS parlous work, and yet it brings
Naught of the joy of fight,
Naught of the high romance that erst
Charmed Paladin and Knight:
A humbler task, a task that claims
Courage and caution too:
Caution not less than courage: wit
Not less than derring-do—

That is the runner's work; he must
Bear messages at need:
Must cross the open oft, and trust
His luck will be good spede;
Yet must he run no needless risks,
Would fling his life away;
Upon his errand's issue hang
The issues of the day.

"More haste", the proverb says, "worse spede"—
He has that warning pat;
And yet that counsel, if the need
Be instant need, falls flat;
The venture, he reckons, must be made,
And he lets it go at that.

At times it falls to him to bear
Despatches thro' the night;
At times he has to get them thro'
The pell-mell of the fight;
Be it by night, be it by day,
It's a ticklish job all right.

A ticklish job! Ah yes; that's why
A message is mostly sent
Not by one messenger alone;
Three runners bear it, each on his own,
To guard against accident.

It fell on a time that a messenger
Was shot on his outward race;
That meant a battalion's strength wiped out
In a couple of minutes' space;
Plans had been changed, and no one knew
Of the change where the thing took place.

Private James Miller, called to take
A message, and bring back
An instant answer, at any cost,
Started, nor loth, nor slack;
Shot thro' the body at once, he held
His hand on the gaping wound,
Went and returned, brought the reply,
And fell dead to the ground.

Better the luck, and not less the pluck,
Of Lawrence Mallery,
Who ran the gauntlet not once nor twice,
And ran it triumphantly;
For he lived to tell the tale, and see
The fruit of his ministry.

Perils by sea, on land, aloft,
From U-boat, bomb and shell—
Thro' these our heroes fight their way,
As it were thro' the Gates of Hell;
It's all for the sake of Motherland,
And their Mother loves them well.

She doesn't forget their fealty—
The faith that their blood has sealed;
James Miller's deed claimed the V. C.;
And the medals, won by Mallery,
Bear, graven upon the shield,
Legends, as of a Magnificat—
This, "For Distinguished Conduct": that,
"For Bravery in the Field".

Britons, nay all true hearts, are proud
Of such fine gallantry;
It gives us back our hopes in man,
Our faith in his destiny;
It flashes a vision upon our eyes
Of an Earth redeemed by self-sacrifice:
Of a new Humanity.

Some Keepsake

(Sergt. R. Downie, V. C., Royal Dublin Fusiliers.)

"I'LL bring you a keepsake, wife"—said he—
"A trophy of war, from France;
But it won't be a German's helm, you'll see,
And it won't be a Uhlan's lance".

He went to the war, and he fought the Huns,
And bombed them merrily;
Was never another of Britain's sons
A starker Kelt than he.

It fell on a time, in a fierce attack,
That the British line was checked;
Some units wavered, and some fell back,
And the plan of assault seemed wrecked.

But Downie—his officers all were dead—
To the answer of rousing cheers,
Sang out: "Come on, the Dubs", and led
The charge of his Fusiliers.

Wounded, he still pressed on: smote down
In his rush Hun after Hun:
Captured a quick-firer on his own,
Nor stayed till the post was won.

On leave of absence from the strife,
He came to his ain countrie,
And brought the keepsake to his wife.
What was it? O, the V. C.

A Man of War

(Pte. T. A. Jones, V. C., Cheshire Regt.)

"TODGER"—it hardly seems a name
To claim a place on the scroll of fame;
'Tis a hero's title, all the same.
He's Thomas A. Jones officially,
But "Todger" 's the name that he goes by.

"If I'm to be killed, well, killed I'll be
Fighting, not digging a trench"—said he;
So he sallied forth like an errant knight,
In search of some venture would mean a fight.

And first he made for a near-by spot,
Whence a sniper was shooting shot after shot;
He got that sniper at the cost
Of a hole in his helmet—inch high at most.

A white flag waved next caught his eye,
And two shots showed that it was a lie;
He stalked that pair, and got them too;
And then he pondered what next to do.

A little farther some dug-outs lay;
So he quietly strolled to the entrance-way,
And, meeting an English-speaking Hun,
Said—as he covered him with his gun—
"You tell your mates to come along,
For the Tommies are on them, 5,000 strong".

When his mates came up, they found that he
Was herding a goodly company;
For he'd got just five score Huns and two
Paraded all, as for a review.

In a bit of a hollow stood the crowd,
Corralled, hands up, completely cowed;
He'd bidden them file out, one by one,
And drop their arms, and had seen it done;
He'd collared them—every mother's son.

His comrades rounded them up, of course,
But his was the all-compelling force;
His stark audacity, his stern voice,
The bombs that he grasped—all fixed their choice.

On leave of absence from the fray,
He came back home for a holiday;
Foe never saw his back, but he
Showed it to friends, and that shamelessly;
For Runcorn town was all out to greet
Its hero with acclamations meet;
But he just scuttled down a side street,
Nor stayed his flight till he had won
By backways home, and burst in upon
His parents—a bashful, and breathless son.

The Call of the Drum

(Drummer W. Ritchie, V. C., Seaforth Highlanders.)

HE is—his portrait seems to show—
A lad, or little more;
Yet by his garb and drum we know
Him for a man of war.

What could he do that he should wear
Victoria's Cross to-day—
The Cross that falls to a picked few
For deeds of lordliest derring-do,
Done in the heart of the fray?

Ah, well—we think of a stripling pair,
Jakin and Lew by name,
Thro' whom the "Fore and Aft" put off
That soubriquet of shame,
And became once more the "Fore and Fit"—
Title of well-earned fame.

His officers, in the storm and stress
Of a hotly pressed attack,
Had fallen, and units, leaderless,
Or faltered, or held back.

Ritchie—the thought was all his own—
Sprang to a Hun trench-mound,
And standing there, erect, alone,
Beat, and re-beat, the "Charge"; not one
Of the British hearts in that battle-zone,
But leapt to the magic sound.

Above the roar of bombs and guns,
Rang from the parapet
That haughty challenge; and all the Huns
Fell back, as the wave of old Scotland's sons
Swept on with the bayonet.

The trench was carried; this business done
To his mind, he was content
To carry messages to and fro,
Wherever his duty bade him go
Thro' the hell, till the day was spent.

That's why he wears Victoria's Cross—
This lad, and is worthy o't;
Our admiration is half amaze
To think that he lived to wear his bays;
But he did. 'Tis a bonny Scot!

Off the Breton Coast

AS the Huns' submarine campaign
Went on its gruesome way,
A U-boat Captain sought to claim
Place in Gehenna's roll of fame
By sinking fisher-boats—a game
Easy to win as play.

He hung about their fishing ground,
And sank them one by one;
The boats were lost; the crews were drowned;
Thus he fulfilled his daily round,
His rôle, of infamies, and found
Work worthy of a Hun.

And so this monster of the deep
Wrought havoc day by day,
Until the Hyacinthe-Yvonne,
A coaster from les Sables d'Olonne,
Cut short his game for aye.

Not a big boat, not iron-clad,
Was Hyacinthe-Yvonne;
Yes, but she bore a useful gun—
A gun that pumped shells on the Hun,
And was his doom anon.

'Twas a grim fight; the coaster's crew
One moment held their breath;
For, firing hard, the submarine
Shot her beneath the water-line,
And wounded her to death.

They didn't stop for that; they fired
A shell that turned the day;
It dealt the U-boat, just below
Her conning tower, a fatal blow;
She tried to dive, but failed, and so
Just stuck, perforce, half-way.

Then, as she hung, stern up in air,
Bows under sea, her hull
Served as a target for French shells,
And got them fair and full.

Five minutes settled her hash; what of
The Hyacinthe-Yvonne?
O, she sank too, but not till she
Had seen the Huns' catastrophe;
And all her gallant company
Were saved—aye, everyone.

So perish all the miscreants
Who play the pirate's game!
Theirs be the murderer's short shrift,
The murderer's doom no plea may lift,
Aye, and his deathless shame!

In the Bay of Biscay

THE fishers of l'Ile-d'Yeu—old men
All, and infirm—the stark
And young were fighting in the fray—
Saw signals of distress one day,
Hoist by a freighter in the Bay;
They manned the life-boat right-away,
And made sail for the barque.

Torpedoed by a Hun U-boat
The ship was all awash;
The life-boat reached her, and anon
Took off the seven—the rest were gone—
Who had survived the crash.

They turned and headed for the shore—
This little company;
Ah, but the wind was now a gale—
A gale they fought without avail—
That tore away their mizzen sail,
And swept them out to sea.

Two days and nights, with never a sup
Of water or a bite,
They battled against wind and wave,
And, facing aye a watery grave,
Did all that stout old hearts and brave
Might do in parlous plight.

On the third day at last they made
The shore of Finistère;
But only eight were left to tell
This tale of grit and dare—
This story how a dozen old men
Stuck it, and bluffed despair.

What was she after—this Norse barque,
That lies beneath the main?
All innocent of guile or war,
From neutral shore to neutral shore,
A neutral ship, she simply bore
Food for the folk of Spain.

Dark lies the shadow of that crime
Upon the coward Hun;
Yes, but perhaps it makes more bright,
More splendid to our watching sight,
The fame those heroes won.

I think that, when le Rôle d'Honneur
Is brought up, le bon Dieu
Will rank—because they died to save,
Or dared for others' sake the grave—
Among the bravest of the brave
The Old Men of l'Île-d'Yeu.

In the Straits of Otranto

(A Ballad of the French Fleet.)

AS it fell out, in the world-war,
An Austrian submarine
Torpedoed, in the full moonlight,
A ship, Léon Gambetta hight,
That off Cape Leuca watched that night
The French blockading line.

Upon the cruiser's bridge there stood
Captain and Admiral;
They couldn't—the dynamo was wrecked—
Send out a wireless call;
The lights went out; the engines stopped;
And the great ship heeled, and her port side dropped,
As a boat before a squall.

What did they do? Their one thought was
For the ship's company;
The Captain set himself to make
The ship ride evenly;
The Admiral shouted to the men,
And his voice rang cheerily.

"Steady, my children! To the boats!"
He cried; "They are for you;
Nous autres, nous restons!"—so he saw
His duty—saw it as a law
Of honour—and did it too.

Many were left, for boats were few;
Ah well, their countenance
Changed not; "Courage!", they cheered—the cry
Rose as a paean—"We shall die
Together! Vive la France!"

Not seven score of the cruiser's men
Were saved to fight again;
Five times as many loyal hearts
Went down beneath the main;
Officers, one and all of them,
Were numbered with the slain.

Sénes and Andre, Admiral
And Captain, aye, and ye—
Or officers or men—who faced
That grim catastrophe,
Nor flinched, truly ye were, and are,
A valiant company.

To France your lives were consecrate;
For France ye laid them down;
The heroes of the Birkenhead
Share with you their renown;
Aye, and amid the gallant dead,
Ye wear the patriots' crown.

A Ballad of the Grand Fleet

(Com. Loftus W. Jones, V. C., R. N.)

THE heart of the old balladist
For Witherington was woe,
Who, when his legs were hewn in twain,
Upon his knee still fought amain,
Nor yielded to the foe.

And what but woe can our hearts be,
A-thinking of his death,
Who, as he fought in Jutland Bay,
Fought on with one leg shot away,
And cheered his men to their last fray,
And his, with dying breath?

Full half his company were slain;
His ship was sinking fast;
Propped up by his last gun, he helped
To serve it to the last;
It was a grim five minutes—that—
An agony as it passed.

His ship went down, and with her went
Her Captain and her crew;
But, 'ere the waves closed o'er the Shark,
Her last torpedo found its mark,
And a Hun ship sank too.

Ah, gallant Jones, it seemed to you,
And yours, a simple thing
To do your duty, and to die
For Country and for King.

The world has need of such true souls,
Wherever they have their birth;
They are the soul of chivalry,
Aye, and the very salt, perdie,
And leaven of the earth.

Our heart is woe for British tars
O'er whom the Atlantic rolls;
Yes, but it's also proud to know—
Proud, aye, and thankful too, I trow,—
That Britain breeds such souls.

Hail! Canada

Strong and sweet as the Maple-tree:
That's what your emblem bids you be—
The leaf that figures your quality:

Sweet with the sweetness of loyalty,
Of honour, of sincerity,
Of cheerful generosity:

Strong with the strength of constancy,
Of pluck, of patience, of energy,
Of grit that defies adversity:

That's what your emblem bids you be.
How have you answered its call and plea?
By deeds of chivalrous gallantry.

In the great fight for liberty,
All the Dominions valiantly
Stood by their Mother, the Old Countree.

Aye, but when, as she stood at bay,
She called her children to the affray,
Who but Canada led the way?

Sweet and strong as the Maple-tree:
That's what your emblem bids you be;
Aye, and it's what you are, perdie.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—As I cannot find any symbolic meaning attached to the Maple-leaf of Canada, I have had to invent one—"Sweetness and Strength". The Oak-leaf, as representing the Oak-tree, symbolizes Strength. Why, then, should not the Maple-leaf figure the characteristics of its parent tree—one of the strongest of trees, and the source of Maple-sugar?

Our Dead

WHAT shall we say of those who gave
Their lives at Britain's claim,
Nor held them dear so they might save
Their Motherland's fair fame:

Who fought and fell for kith and kin,
For Freedom and the Right;
To whom disloyalty was sin,
And Justice more than Might?

From the Homeland and from afar,
Across the seas, they came;
The blood-bond drew them to the war—
That, and the British name.

Now, of the hearts that beat so high,
Many are stilled for aye;
And lives that seemed too young to die,
Too dear, have passed away.

Shall we deplore them? Hearts are rent,
And weeping were no shame;
Nay, they are lift above lament;
Paean, not dirge, they claim.

As Hellas in the olden days
Bent o'er her gallant dead,
And gave them—not her tears, but—praise,
We dry our tears, half shed;

And with the thanks, the grateful praise,
Of those he died to save,
We lay a wreath of deathless bays
Upon each hero's grave.

Dedicated to Our Men-at-Arms

WAR-BALLADS
and
VERSES

Second Series

BY

WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA
THE BARNUM & FLAGG COMPANY
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A Trumpet-Call

MARCH, march, sons of Columbia;
March to the front where the Hun stands at bay;
What is Columbia's motto? "Justitia
Omnibus". Make it your slogan to-day.

March to the goal that lies splendid before you—
Peace with security: tyranny slain;
March to make answer to cries that implore you,
"Give us our homes and our freedom again".

March to exact from the foe reparation
For the foul wrongs he has done to the weak;
March to bring in, thro' this great tribulation,
Justice and Order—the day of the meek.

March, march, sons of America;
Answer not only to bugle and drum;
Hark! to your hearts speaks a tuba angelica;
Gabriel calls, and his summons is "Come".

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NOTE.—For details of facts see The Times History of the War; Americans at the Front; The Living Age, Nov. 11, 1916; The Battle Glory of Canada; The British Californian, March and May, 1918; The Square Jaw.

7

A Battle-Hymn

WHEN Israel, in the days of old,
Against oppressors drew the sword,
What stirred their hearts, and made them bold?
This—that the war was of the Lord.

When Jesse's stripling son defied
Goliath's vaunts, and laid him low,
"The battle is the Lord's", he cried,
And slung the stone that slew the foe.

Our war is of the Lord, and clear
Sound in our hearts those battle-words;
Fighting for God, we will not fear
Aught, for the issue is the Lord's.

LORD of Sabaoth, at our side
Marshal the armies of the sky;
So shall we smite the despot's pride;
So shall we break all tyranny.

The Cross on Calvary was a sign
Of war—war waged for Truth and Right;
Under that sign we fight; 'tis Thine
Own cause; be Thine own strength our might.

'Tis in Thy name we join the fray—
This earnest of earth's final strife;
Lord of all power, be Thou our stay;
Lord of all being, be our Life.

Volunteers

THEY passed from the Foreign Legion
To the Aviation Corps:
From the service of Ambulances
To trench-work at the fore;
What was the voice that called them?
What sent them to the war?

Not their own country's peril;
No harm had touched her yet;
With some 'twas the bond of kinship—
Race-ties they could not forget:
With others a sense of duty
To the land of Lafayette.

These claims, and the like, constrained them,
And fired their chivalry;
But the thought of thoughts that swayed them
Was the love of Liberty,
And, blent with that love, a passion
Of generous sympathy.

And so, ere the Great Republic
Had marshalled her war-array,
Not less than fifty thousands
Of her sons had found their way,
As Ambulance-workers, airmen,
And soldiers, to the fray.

The old Crusading spirit
Is quick in each gallant soul;

Their names with the names of Heroes
Stand linked on one muster-roll;
The Firstfruits of the Nation,
They have sanctified the Whole.

Mercuries

NOT less at home in upper air
Than upon land or sea,
Our airmen ride the storm and cloud,
And, wheresoe'er they be,
They do their stunts, and dare all risks
As part of their industry.

Risks?—Aye, each moment they affront
Death, and it makes no odds;
They take all chances as they come—
These dauntless pteropods; *
'Twas of such stuff as this, I guess,
Were fashioned the demigods.

Like birds they soar; like birds they glide;
Like birds they mount and swoop;
Not tumbler-pigeons can outvie
Them, for they loop the loop;
They dive to a hostile plane, and 'tis
As the rush of an eagle's stoop.

The army's eyes, they are its scouts,
And its intelligence;
Their bombs on enemy trench and lair
Fall as a pestilence;

But never a woman, never a child,
Has hurt from their offence.

Airmen of the embattled hosts,
Who fight for Liberty,
Lords of the air are ye, as are
Our sailors of the sea;
With fleets and armies shall ye share
The triumph of victory.

* An epithet of Hermes, whom the Romans called Mercurius.

Non Nobis

"LET not him that putteth on his harness boast himself as he,
Who, as victor, puts it off", exulting in his victory—
Thus of old did Israel's monarch teach Benhadad modesty.

* * * * *

"Make you ready for the battle, for your battle is toward;
Aye, but as the stripling David faced Goliath's spear and sword;
Not with braggart word or action, but as soldiers of the Lord.

"Other men have borne, are bearing still, the burden of the fight;
Think of them as those whom duty led to battle for the Right;

Count it honour that with them you're called to break
tyrannic might".

* * * * *

That is what the heart and conscience of the Great
Republic say;
That is how she bids her children arm them for the
far-off fray.
Answer, children,—"God be with us, and we'll fight
for Him for aye".

Stet Capitolium

WHETHER he sings of high romance,
Or hymns the everlasting Sire,
Or suits his lay to choral dance,
Or scourges forms of base desire,
Or paints the lady of his choice,
Horace is still a living Voice.

Your sweetly smiling Lalage,
Whose spirit turned a wolf to flight,
Your little farm by Tivoli,
Bandusia's fountain crystal-bright,
Your haunts, your hospitalities—
Horace, they're all before our eyes.

Orbilius flogged you when at school;
You have our fullest sympathy,
For we remember a ferule,
That smote us oft and lustily;
Would it had gotten into us
A measure of your genius!

You sang how Regulus put aside
The crowds encumbering his return,
Refused his wife's kiss, and denied
Her plea with answer curt and stern;
"Rome must be saved; let cowards die"—
We hear it yet—that haught reply.

How Paulus and how Cato died,
Too staunch to fly, too proud to yield;
How stout Marcellus turned the tide
Of war in many a foughten field:
How yeomen played heroic parts—
You've stamped it all upon our hearts.

They left their farms to fight; they braved
All pains of death; and, if they fell,
What mattered it, so Rome were saved?
Her weal safeguarded, all was well.
The State must stand, tho' men may die—
That was Old Rome's philosophy.

You made them household words—the names
Of those who fought and fell for Rome—
And you—your memory lives, and claims
Place at their side in every home;
Your bones lie on a Roman hill,
Horace, but you are with us still.

Fiat Justitia

IMPERIAL Rome has passed; she had her day,
And did her work—a work that gives her place
Amid the names that stand, and shall for aye
Stand, in the story of our earthly race.

States have their rise and fall, as man is born
And dies; but what they do for Truth and Right,
That does not die; quick as a seed of corn,
It lives and rises and renews its might.

Rome had her faults, but of one quality
Her vision was true vision; for she saw
What justice means and claims, and that is why
All later law is built upon her law.

She fell because, as she grew old, she grew
False to that vision, and made tyranny,
Not Right, her aim, till, eaten thro' and thro'
By vice, she forfeited her empery.

The empire of the Huns shall fall, and fall
Because it mocks at truth and righteousness,
Because its watchword, "Deutschland above all",
Is but a cry of pride and selfishness.

Justice demands that it should fall—demands
That "frightfulness" and lies and the offence
Of crimes that break the peace of peaceful lands
Should be requited with stern recompense.

It means a long, grim struggle—means, maybe,
That Armageddon's battle is toward;
Yet shall the Right prevail, and presently
Shall bring in the Millennium of the Lord.

A Valley of Shadows

THERE'S a strip—a shifting strip—of land
Called "No Man's Land"; it lies
Betwixt two hosts; on either hand
War sets its boundaries.

You may hear, as you pass over it,
The breath of dead men's sighs;
You may hear, as from Abaddon's pit,
The moan of dying cries.

It's a hell; it's no man's land indeed;
It's swept by shot and shell;
Ghosts haunt it; evil spirits speed
O'er it; aye, it's a hell.

Yet soldiers cross it as they haste
To charge the enemy;
Doctors and Chaplains make its waste
A field of ministry.

Death's shades brood o'er that wilderness;
Its turf is a blood-stained sod;
Aye; yet it may be none the less
A stage to the Mount of God.

Une Orpheline de France

THE troops of France, forced to retire,
Had crossed the Somme canal; a maid
Opened the sluice gates, under fire,
And for a day the Huns were stayed.

She, when the foe passed thro' next day,
Remained, and, wheresoe'er she found
A wounded son of France, straightway
Bore him to shelter under ground.

One crippled man she nursed and fed
For days; the Huns, by an ill chance,

Caught her and doomed her; "Do", she said,
"That which you will. I am of France".

A shell, just in the nick of time,
Scattered hard by its bric-a-brac;
It stopped the Huns' intended crime;
They fled, and then the French were back.

She went on serving France, despite
All risks—now guiding a patrol,
Now helping sufferers; naught could fright
Her dauntless heart, her steadfast soul.

She stood for France against the Boche;
For this la Légion d'Honneur
Claimed her—this maiden sans réproche,
Aye, and, as was Bayard, sans peur.

They gave her too la Croix de Guerre,
In token of her gallantry,
Who for her Motherland could dare
All things, nor reck if she must die.

Who was this girl of girls? Was she
Jeanne d'Arc's reincarnated shade?
Well, who shall say? She claimed to be
Just a French lass, a village maid.

While France can breed such maids as this—
Daughters as valiant as her sons—
She need not fear the rage, ywis,
Of seventy million million Huns.

The Dear Old Duster

UPON the banner of our land
As tho' three Saints stood hand in hand,
Three Crosses, linked in union, stand.

They image more than what we see,
For, like the shamrock's leafery,
They figure threefold unity.

Saint George, the prince of England's knights:
Saint Andrew, guard of Scotland's rights:
Saint Patrick, who for Ireland fights:—

These three, who bore the Cross that they
Might be its soldiers, day by day
Stand in the forefront of the fray.

Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
By their one faith, one hope, allied,
They face all mischief, and abide.

Ah! Choir of Saints, you bid us be
Ever and aye one company,
Ever and aye a Unity.

The Red Triangle

INTO the trench, over the parapet,
And the land that no man owns,
With bomb, with rifle, and with bayonet,
Goes Tommy, and makes no bones.

He's ready for any job, no matter what,
That duty bids him do;

He tackles it, sticks it out, is on the spot,
And sees the business thro'.

He does his bit in trench and in dug-out;
Then needs and gets a rest;
Rested he's ready for another bout,
And keen to do his best.

But where shall he find rest—not rest alone
Of body, but rest of heart?
That's where the Red Triangle, on its own,
Came in and played its part.

Then the Church Army followed; East and West
These twin Societies
Comfort war-weary men, and give them rest
By tireless ministries.

Back from the firing line the fighters trudge,
Half dazed, half sick of life,
Just longing to forget—forget the sludge,
The stress, the din, the strife.

They reach the Recreation huts, and there
Find letters, book-supplies,
Games, music, hours of prayer, and everywhere
Kind words and friendly eyes.

There's magic in the change of thought and scene;
Strained nerves regain their tone;
There's no more worrying over what has been,
Or what is to be, done.

Red Cross and Red Triangle, signs are ye
Of noble things and blest;

And soldiers' "Welcomes"—huts or, it may be,
Just tents—are of the best.

Honour to all who serve this ministry!
Honoured not least be they
Who saw the need, saw its insistency,
And met it right-away.

Lost and Found

BOYS from the slums of London, where squalor and crime belong,
Taken, and trained to the tempers of souls that are clean and strong:
Taught that they're sons of Britain, and, as Britons, must do no Wrong:—

They have answered to call and training; they have learnt to love the Right;
They are keen to do their duty, and to do it with all their might;
And now for Old England's honour they have gone forth to the fight.

They have passed to the Front in thousands, and have proved their mettle there;
On war-ships, in the trenches, in the navies of the air,
You may find these boys from Slumdom—here, there, and everywhere.

Look at the Roll of Honour; their names stand side by side
With the names of Britain's heroes, who, whether they yet abide

Here, or have crossed the border, are her glory and her pride.

Or look at scenes of battle—Mons, Vendresse, La Bassée,
Loos, Neuve Chapelle, Armentières, Hill 70, Suvla Bay—
Each spot can tell of our Slum boys—how they bear them in the fray.

There are Orders, badges, crosses, and medals, for gallantry—
Distinctions marked by letters that are titles of high degree;
Have Slum lads won such titles? Aye, up to the proud V. C.

Left to their old surroundings in the slums of London Town,
Into what sort of manhood would these same lads have grown?
Would it have been a manhood of honour and fair renown?

O Mission Schools of London, or wherever your "forts" may be,
The Slum lads, that you rescued by your patient ministry,
Shall rise up in the Judgment, and shall bless your memory.

Bellator Equus

A WAR of engines, of machinery,
Of tanks and submarines,
Of battleships, airplanes, artillery,
Of bombs and shells and mines—

That's what war is to-day; man-power, of course,
Must work each instrument,
Aye, and must fight; but the war-engine's force
Rules the arbitrament.

But what was it that led in old-time wars
The way to victory?
Ask the Scots Greys; ask Vivian's Hussars:—
That's Waterloo's reply.

But where shall the war-horse find work to-day?
How can he charge a foe
Hid underground? How can he burst his way
Thro' barbed wires set arow?

Ah well, the destrier waits, tho' he has done
His bit now and again,
The while his rider, lance and sabre gone,
Afoot hurls bombs amain.

Meantime who drags the lumbering guns along,
Thro' swamp and water-course,
Where tractors cannot pass—who but the strong,
Patient artillery-horse?

War-horses of the Entente, among the days
To come will be your day;
We'd like, if ever the Uhlans face the Greys,
To be not far away.

The L. B. D.'s

LITTLE, black-coated—yes, but not
Devils; and yet the old-time name,
The Indians gave them, has, I wot,
A certain aptness all the same.

It spoke of dash, insistence, grit;
Outmatched and beat at their own game
The Indian braves acknowledged it
In this terse phrase, not all of blame.

In the first year of the world-war,
Ere yet the Huns had started gas,
The L. B. D.'s went to the fore,
To face whate'er might come to pass.

What came to pass was a foul blast
Of poisonous fumes, a noxious stench
That choked and dazed them; not less fast
They held the line; none quit the trench.

Next came the Boches, as thick as fleas,
Thinking the trench was now their own;
Gasping for breath, the L. B. D.'s
Rose to their feet, and mowed them down.

All that day long, with never a spell
Of rest, they fought, nor budged an inch;
Storm after storm of shot and shell
Smote them, but could not make them flinch.

Bidden retire they disobeyed
The order. Why? Because they knew
A counter-push was to be made;
They meant to back it, and see it thro'.

At last reliefs came; not till then
Did they fall back for a change of air.
That's how the Winnipeg Riflemen
Interpret still their nom-de-guerre.

Good Samaritans

HOW do the dogs of Belgium fare
In the changed order of today?
Well, where their masters are, they are;
Many, that is, are in the fray.

As war-dogs some are scouts, some bear
Orders, some watch against the foe;
In fact, here, there, and everywhere,
Wherever the army goes, they go.

Some have dragged pom-poms to the Front;
Some are attached to Red Cross Corps;
And these are trained, and learn, to hunt
For soldiers wounded in the war.

One of them finds a "casualty"—
Hid by his own act, or by chance—
Picks up his cap, and instantly
Carries it to the Ambulance.

Then, nurse or doctor following,
It leads to where the sufferer lies,
And so brings help to him; the thing
Is just a round of charities.

S. Bernard would have loved, I wot,
These dogs, and set them by his own;
Nay more, they share—why should they not?—
The Good Samaritan's renown.

Draught-dogs of Belgium, you seem
To make it almost possible
To count the old-time Indian dream
Well-nigh, if not quite, credible.

Near Gouzeaucourt

O YES, they were cooks and engineers,
And it wasn't their job to fight;
But the Hun broke thro', and a British post
Hard by was in parlous plight;
So they picked up rifles, and did their bit
To hustle him back all right.

They cooked his goose, they blazed broad trails
Thro' the thick of the charging mob;
They stood at the fighters' side and fought,
Tho' it wasn't at all their job,
Till supports came up, and the Prussian rush
Died out like a dying sob.

They're handy men—the men who hail
From far Columbia's shore;
If ever I get cut off, or left
In the lurch, by a chance of war,
Give me a bunch of such boys as these—
Cooks, engineers, whatever your please—
For at need they are sons of Thor.

A Testament

"MON corps à terre, mon âme à Dieu, mon coeur à France"—so ran
The soldier's will—his testament found by the Ambulance;

It lay beneath his fingers, at the side of the dead man—
Mute witness that his dying thoughts were to the last of France.

"Mon coeur à France". Is there a thing more wonderful on earth
Than the deep love of Motherland, the passionate reverence
That draws and binds her children to the Country of their birth,
To fight for her, and, if need be, to die in her defence?

Ah France, such sons as this are your true glory and your pride;
Aye, and your hope—the promise of a better, brighter day;
With such a brood about your knee, or weal or woe betide,
You shall be France the Beautiful for ever and for aye.

Ad Inferos

"THRO' hell to heaven", said one, "there lies
A way", and our Immanuel,
When He reopened Paradise,
Passed to it thro' the gates of hell.

Out of war's hell there runs a path
For suffering souls and innocent,
And victims of man's lust and wrath
Find it a pathway of ascent.

Daughters and babes of Belgium,
Sent thro' a hell by brutal Huns,
Be of good hope; your martyrdom
Sets you by Bethlehem's little ones.

In the Great Father's kind embrace
They passed beyond all death and sin;
The fiends who wronged you—well, their place
Is Tophet, with their kith and kin.

Pocket-Anakim

"BANTAMS"?—Well yes; they're undersized
In thew and bone, in girth and height;
Yet each is an epitomized
Edition of a stalwart knight.

They fight for all that they are worth;
Play all the warrior's rôle of parts;
And you may search the whole wide earth
In vain for pluckier, stauncher hearts.

All honour be to them who, when
Officialdom had turned them down,
Claimed right to serve as fighting men
The Land which claimed them as her own.

There's a division of them now
Fighting; and, by whatever name
They go, they've proved themselves, I trow,
Of the true mettle, "thorough game".

Rome

TO rule the nations with a lordly sway:
To spare the conquered and war down the proud—
That was Rome's rule of action in her day
Of might, when to her will the whole world bowed.

Yet her dominion was no tyranny;
Its peace was not the peace of dull despair;
It made for order and for equity;
That Law should be obeyed, that was its care.

It helped to civilize the world; it bore
Its part in the uplifting of mankind;
It won its triumphs not alone by war,
But by the arts too that inform the mind.

Revealed and pictured in her world-wide sway,
Her Genius is her true panegyrist;
For what she did and taught prepared the way,
And ushered in the kingdom, of the Christ.

It was her last great triumph when her war
Clashed with "The Scourge of God", and hurled him back;
Shade of Aëtius, lead her sons once more
To meet and break the selfsame foe's attack.

Greece

(June 29, 1917)

AT last, at last, ye join our war,
Sons of historic Greece;
At last; why came ye not before,
But chose inglorious peace?

Not yours the fault, ye say; your king
Reckoned himself the State,
And deemed the people's voice a thing
Entirely out of date.

Well, it was so; the moral is
Have rulers who obey
Your Constitution's law, for this
Is Liberty's one stay.

In Freedom's cause ye set at last
Your battle in array;
So fought your forbears in the past;
So would they fight to-day.

Plataea, Salamis, Marathon,
Thermopylae—each name
Is as a voice to cheer you on:
Is as a call and claim.

Leonidas, Miltiades,
Themistocles—your air
Is fragrant with their memories,
With breath of their high dare.

Fight as they fought, who would not brook
The invader on their coasts:
Who flung themselves, with never a look
Back, on the Persian hosts.

Ye Spirits of the mighty dead,
Who kept fair Hellas free,
March at the Hellene armies' head,
And win them victory.

Generosa Virago

"A BRITISH Nurse wins Serbia's V. C."—
Prowess indeed! What for?
For faithful service in the ministry
Of the Red Cross she wore?

Well, no. Her Red Crusading ministry
Was service good and true—
Was, for that matter, as a chivalry,
Faithful and valiant too.

But not as Sister Sandes did this brave soul
Win Serbia's heart of hearts;
'Twas as a sergeant on her army-roll,
An Amazon of parts.

For, when the Serbs fell back, recalcitrant
Against o'erwhelming might,
She joined the Colours as a combatant,
And fought as heroes fight.

"Always the first over the parapet"—
That was her record, won

By acts of war—acts made with bayonet
And bomb—against the Hun.

The medal found her in a patients' ward,
Wounded, but full of pluck;
Britons and Serbians will, with one accord,
Wish her the best of luck.

At Cuinchy

(February 1, 1915)

MICHAEL O'LEARY—Irishmen
Must name his name with pride,
Who took one barricade, and then
Another, as in his stride.

Five Huns manned the first barricade;
He promptly slew the lot;
Two of the next cried "Kamerad";
The other three were not.

Ten against one—big odds; natheless
The one man won the day;
S. Michael must have helped, I guess,
His namesake in that fray.

He saved his mates, and, saving these,
Saved the position too;
'Twas not mere death to enemies—
That act of derring-do.

He wears the V. C. for his deed,
And wears it of his right,
For never man in time of need
Fought a more gallant fight.

Land of the Harp, you have, ywis,
Bred many a doughty son,
But never a stauncher son than this,
Never a braver one.

Michael O'Leary, I would state
That very certainly
I'd sooner have you as a mate
Than as an enemy.

A Royal Fusilier

UPON the eternal scroll of fame,
By deeds that make old tales seem tame,
Lance-Sergeant Palmer set his name.

What did he do? Nay, rather say—
What did he not do on the day
He broke the Prussian's fenced array?

His officers had fallen; he
Took the command, and instantly
Sprang to the head of his company.

Under a pom-pom's point-blank fire,
He cut his way thro' hindering wire
Straight to the goal of his desire.

That was the trench wherein the gun
Was set, with many a bombing Hun;
He, with six mates, slew every one.

Counter-attacks soon came, and one,
The eighth, that came when he had gone
After more bombs, brought back the Hun.

Bombed off his feet, this man of men
Rose up, rallied his mates, and then
Captured the lost trench once again.

Thenceforth they held it; and that stay
Settled the issue of the fray;
It saved the line, and won the day.

Among those who, by Heaven's grace,
Stand forth as champions of their race,
Palmer, you claim a front-rank place.

Two words, upon your cross engraved,
Show what alarms of death you braved;
What shall they add whose lives you saved?

Dardan Bay

RIGHT up the Dardanelles he went,
'Neath five mine-lines that barred the track,
Sent down a Turkish battleship, spent
Nine hours submerged, and then won back.

He braved torpedo-boats, gun-fire,
A treacherous current, and, I'm half
Afraid, incurred the vengeful ire
Of the whole German Naval Staff.

'Twas their head-quarters swept away;
Guarding the mine-field, and by it
Guarded, the warship fell a prey
To one man's pluck and grit and wit.

He hurt no peaceful ship; not one
Woman or child was drowned; that's how
Lieutenant Holbrook fought the Hun;
That's why he wears the V. C. now.

A Volcano

SHE'S not a warlike country, but,
When Britain has to fight,
She fights amain; five nations put
Their strength into her might.

She wanted to dislodge the Huns
From some well-wired trench-lines;
She did it with 500 tons
Of ammonal in mines.

Up in the air they, and their guns
Were scattered wide and far;
They found themselves, in fact—those Huns—
Hoist with their own petard.

Then spoke the roar of British guns,
And forward to the attack,
Wave after wave, swept Britain's sons,
And thrust the Prussians back.

They rushed the line, the town, the height;
They smashed the fenced array;
And in the centre of the fight—
Well, 'twas Ould Ireland's day.

Ah ye, whose cruel cannons broke
A little land's repose,
Now shall ye, stricken with your own stroke,
Find ye were your own foes.

'Tis from the land you basely tore
From those, to whom was given

Your pledge they should be safe from war,
That you are being driven.

You've put your trust in lawless might;
You've wrought all infamies;
You've sinned against all Right and Light;
Now come the penalties.

Some Private

HARRY O'HARA lay in hospital
Needing prolonged repair;
He had, in fact, some seventy wounds in all
Upon him, here and there.

A Private in the Middlesex Regiment—
How he got into it
Is not quite clear—he'd made it evident
He had the "Die-Hards' " grit.

A little man as soldiers go, he yet
Had played a hero's part;
Small tho' his body was, in it was set
A great, a Titan heart.

Far off he was, and in a foreign land,
When the war-tidings came;
He straight resolved that he must take a hand
In the great battle-game.

He joined the Sikhs in India on his way,
Changing his name to suit,
And so he got to France, where he and they,
Tho' horsemen, fought on foot.

'Twas thus that, as he fought in the front line,
He got his wounds, and won
The Military Medal—proof and sign
Of duty bravely done.

The bond of camaraderie in war,
A bond no wrench can snap,
Obliterates race differences, for
O'Hara is a Jap.

Meditation

WITHIN the trenches, when there's nothing doing,
He stands and ponders;
Is it to thoughts of billing and of cooing
That his mind wanders?

Within some Recreation hut, or maybe
Tent, he sits scowling;
Is it because some French or Belgian baby
Nearby is howling?

O no; altho' his sweetheart's not forgotten,
Tho' babes may bawl out,
He's thinking to himself—"O this is rotten;
My baccy's all out".

Laconics

VALOUR and taciturnity
Are, as it were, birds of a feather;
At any rate it seems to be
Fact that they often go together.